

T h a n k Y o u M r s . D e a t h

i saw a
woman
of such
proportions
that
she
could
suckle
all the
children
of
vietnam

no
greater breasts
has any
man

-- Harry Bell

Copenhagen, Denmark

My Guardian Angel

by Günter Grass

He pours me out:
the baby with the bath.

I don't like to jump:
Whoever jumps falls into favor.

No matter how much I resist,
he calibrates the scales.

If I want to go with my aunt,
he protects my niece.

If I break windows to bits,
he deals in putty.

And if I get lost,
my finder is right there beside me.